

THE HOLINESS
REVIVAL
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

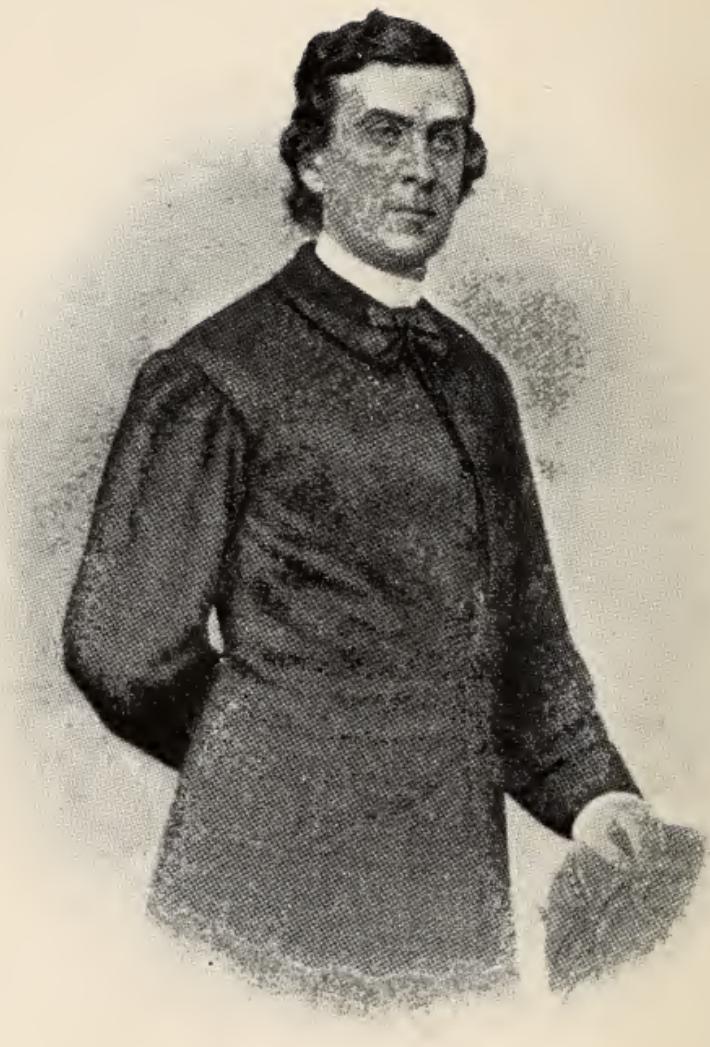
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Alfred Lookman

The Holiness Revival of the Past Century

Commemorative of the
National Holiness
Camp Meeting Association

Its Work
and the Philadelphia Friday Meeting

With Chronological Notes
from the Writer's Journal,—
Supplementary.

By J. E. A.
Author of the People's Hand-Book
of the Bible

1018 Arch Street, Philadelphia

To the survivors,—relatives and Friends of the chief Actors,—Leaders in the wonderful Revival of the past Century, and the Torches they lighted, still burning on, particularly; and to all the lovers of Holiness,

Is this volume lovingly
Inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

TOPICAL INDEX

FRONTISPICE

INTRODUCTORY

BOOK I

Chapter I

THE COOKMAN FAMILY

II

In America. Birth of Alfred.

III

Lost at Sea. Alfred's Progress.

IV

Beginning His Ministry. Marriage. Recovers Witness of Heart Purity. Till the Holiness Movement.

PART II

Chapter I

Origin and Progress of the Holiness C. M. Association. Cookmans Gifts, grace and usefulness.

II

Closing Days of an Apostolic Ministry.

BOOK II

Chapter I

Life, Marriage, Ministry of J. S. Inskip, till
their Sanctification. "First Buddings" of the
Holiness Awakening.

II

Rise and Progress of this Radical Work.

III

The Revival,—Till Round the World Tour

IV

Round the World Mission.

V

Fought the Good Fight, Finished the Course.

BOOK III

Chapter I

The Friday Meeting.

II

Notes from My Journal, etc.,—Supplementary.

INTRODUCTORY

AND a HIGHWAY SHALL be THERE,
and it SHALL be CALLED the WAY of HOLINESS.

Is. 35 C.

It was at the desire of some for a *Souvenir* account of our Friday Meeting and work of the National Holiness C. M. Association, COMMEMORATIVE, that I undertook the pleasing, but no easy task —in delicate health, and

Nearing the gloom of the evenfall.

But, being the *only* attendant from our first Meetings for many years; and like the author of Luke's gospel, having traced the course of all things from the first, so it seemed good for *me* also, to write.

And this I've done, as a work of Faith and labor of love, feeling my dependence on the Spirit's inspiring help; trusting that the simple story, with the names of its Spirit filled Leaders in the foreground, as they will be made to appear; the standard bearers in the Holiness Movement of the past century, which, like a tidal wave from Heaven, swept over our land, leaving its conviction on the mind and heart of men and women, for a higher, holier type of Christly man and womanhood, in the Christ's Holy Church:—

This,—through the soul's gleam and gloom, (known to authors),—along in the course of preparation, with tears of joy and sorrow mingled, is herewith dedicated to the Head of the Church triumphant and militant; with Prayer, that the Work God will honor, in the rekindling of the old time, Pentecostal flame, in not a few of its readers' hearts and lives.—Amen.

In the preparation of this Memorial, Book I, II, I have used the Life of Alfred Cookman and J. S. Inskip—(the two leading spirits in the Holiness campaign),—so complete in historic, personal and spiritual interest.

The first, by his life long friend, Rev. H. B. Ridgaway, who has portrayed his subject and ministry as with an ideal beauty of perfection. The second, by his associate friend, Rev. Wm. McDonald.

The FRIDAY MEETING, NOTES from MY JOURNAL, with *Personal Experiences*,—Book III, brings us to “The End” of our TASK and happy toil.

Philadelphia, November 4, 1913.

J. E. A.

BOOK I
CHAPTER I
THE COOKMAN FAMILY

IN reading the lives of great and good men and women,—the Reformers, persons who have risen to eminence and usefulness, we not only feel a desire to be like them; but (though unconsciously to ourselves, it may be), like beholding as in a mirror, our ideal, we become in some degree, changed into the same image. But also, in agreement with the law of cause and effect both in the natural and spiritual world, we are led, naturally and intuitively, to feel an interest in, and desire to know, “The rock whence they were hewn; to look unto their Father Abraham, and to Sarah, that bare them.”

And this, our author in his Life of Alfred Cookman, has wisely anticipated in the first five chapters of his biography, prefaced by Bishop Foster’s INTRODUCTION, in which he truly says, “The author has left nothing to be added or desired.”

From the ancestral Family Tree, we read of the rising fame of the father,—spreading abroad, both in America and his native land.

GEORGE GRIMSTON COOKMAN was the first born of George and Mary Cookman, *natus* Yorkshire, England, February 21, 1800. The father, a Methodist local preacher, rose to be Mayor of Hull, and his

home became a centre of Methodist influence.
* * * But it appears that the mother was the inspiration of the Cookman home. A Methodist, and persecuted for her Faith by her own family, she learned what it was to hold fast the Faith once delivered to the saints. At the shrine of her self denying piety, was kindled the flame of the future missionary's zeal. (The son's desire was to go as a missionary to Africa.) Here, after showing the contrast between the father and mother, the author adds:—Thus we see in the parent stock, those qualities in transmission, necessary to true greatness and goodness in the son. (I will add here that true goodness, even without talent or genius, is true greatness.)*

Of himself George writes: "Never was a child more carefully trained by Christian parents, than myself." * * * He became the subject of deep conviction of sin; every night, fearing the end of the world. At 18, while teaching in Sunday School, he was troubled on account of his evil habits.

I talk to them said he, about God, but I myself am serving the devil. While under the lashings of conscience, he became tired of life. Tried to drown his convictions in business. He would go into secret

*Vide more, p. 42

places, garrets, fields, hedges, seeking for rest, with strong crying and tears.

(O how like my own sad experience, beginning 1851!)

Nine months was he seeking the Lord.

One Saturday night, for acrimonious words to a relative, this troubled him: Let not the sun go down on your wrath. At 2 o'clock he awoke, feeling himself ready to sink into the bottomless pit. He cried to God. Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of Jesus on the cross. Then a great calm followed, with a whispered assurance of sins forgiven. O what a bright morn that Sabbath must have brought!

He now gave himself to work for Jesus, feeling with Paul, that woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel.

In 1821, we find him in America, about his father's business. January 22, '23, he writes: I've been composing my first sermon. His first efforts at Hull gave promise of his future greatness. In his attempt to preach one evening in Scott Chapel, he became greatly depressed. But to his amazement, the people told him he did well and helped them.

In his first *forum* address, he began to earn the reputation of Prince of platform speakers.

March 28, 1825, Mr. Cookman left England for America, on the Orient. Among his studies, he

mentions Butlers Analogy, Baxters Gildas Salvianus and Saints Rest. He writes: "I've been thinking of Baxters warning against settling anywhere below God. But alas! I find my heart would rest in creature love.—A church, popular favor, etc. One of Satan's devices."

Sunday, May 16, the Orient sailed up the Delaware. Meanwhile, Mr. Cookman had preached and worked among the men, as a missionary.

II

IN AMERICA. BIRTH OF ALFRED.

WE next find Mr. Cookman as a local preacher in St. Georges. Then, in 1826, appointed to Kensington and St. Johns Church, his heart still on Africa. But on advice of Bishop George, he seems to have awaited the prospective opening of a mission among the blacks in the South. About this time, we notice him say, I had a good time preaching on Christian perfection.

Anent the disappointment, the young Preacher philosophizes: The question is, Has the purpose of God been frustrated in the change of *my* plans? Impulsiveness has been one of my failings, and I've yet to learn that Christly virtue of PATIENCE.—It was the ardent temperament of his mother,—the spring of her son's power.

February, '27, he is back to his native land, and April 2 that year, marries Miss Mary Barton, returning with his bride to America the following day.

This same spring, he is sent to Lancaster, a six weeks' circuit, their residence being at Columbia. Here, January 4, 1828, Alfred,—a healthful, lovely babe, is born, to be a new spring and source of light and joy, in the heart and home of the now happier husband and wife.

The birth of Alfred changed the purpose of the young wife,—to be a worker together with her itinerant husband, to that of a nursing mother. She believed there is no higher, holier mission for woman, than to be a housekeeper (R. V. worker), at home; no greater function, than that of matron. And with the true, womanly instinct, she foresaw that to lose herself in her firstborn, to train him for a Heaven born ministry, was the worthiest ambition that could fill a woman's heart. Though her favorite plan was spoiled, a happy thought struck her—: Henceforth, her Alfred was to be her Solomon, to erect the Temple she herself was not to rear.

Obs.—The suffragette craze in England, headed by a Mrs. Pankhurst, and lesser aspirants in America, had not yet got possession of a class of females, who, in their zeal to right the wrongs in the State, are going about it in the wrong way; hurting their cause also, by their unseemly, masculine parading and open acts of violence

The fact is, the "wrongs" are in part, chargeable to women's neglect of duty at home;—in not giving heed to the law of God, dictated to woman in the Old and New Testaments.

O that our home land were blessed with such mothers as Susannah Wesley and Mrs. Cookman, having their children in subjection! But, alas! the boys and girls are let to *grow* up without that nurture,—R. V., *chastening*, and admonition in the Lord,—the safeguard of a country's peace, the preventive of the evils complained of.

I quote the utterances of some in Chicago:—"Suffragettes cannot accept the Bible literally. It was written by men when women were their chattels. The place given to women in our Bible, has kept them out of their rights as the equals of men. The Book needs revising. It is not up to date." Hear, O Heavens!

It was at New Brunswick, N. J., spring of '28, at the anniversary of the Young Men's Bible Society, when a Methodist Preacher, small of stature, arose and electrified the audience, reminding of the *debut* of Summerfield at such a Meeting in New York. The subject was Christian union. Among the various creeds present, he marshalled the spiritual army:—

The Methodists were the mounted volunteers, on the borders. Presbyterians, the infantry in solid columns; Baptists, along the rivers and lakes in their peculiar warfare; Episcopalians, to inspect the magazines and man the batteries. The artillerymen were the Dutch Reformed, to acquit themselves like De Witt, who swept the sea, and Van Tromp who shook the ocean.

Then, he warned them against a spy in the camp:—old, gray headed, toothless, crooked, unsavory,—drawing a picture of Bigotry. He hoped, if the Methodists caught sight of him, they would ride him down; the Presbyterians bayonet him; the Episcopilians, open a flanked battery on him; the Baptists, drown him; the Dutch Reformed, greet him with a round of artillery. Let him die the death of a spy, without honor; and after gibbeting, his body be given to the Quakers to bury deep in silence. And God forbid his ghost ever to rise again!

Such a militant array *conception*, is worthy the genius of a Bunyan.

In 1829, our itinerant is sent to Talbot circuit, Maryland. He had dreamed in England, of one day preaching to the blacks in Maryland. Here it was, he never found closer friends among both black and white. Frederick Douglas says: Our souls and bodies were precious in Bro. Cookman's eyes. When at our house, we were called to Prayer, inquiring into the state of our souls particularly.

But what about Alfred?—His mother says, at four years of age, he would be chasing the butterflies, or playing with the little negro boys and girls. Then, (taking after his father), would preach to them, saying, that if good, they would go to Heaven; if bad, to hell when they died. Then, for any who

wanted to be baptized, he would call for water:—
“Bob Trot, I baptize thee in the name of the Father,
Son and Holy Spirit, Amen. God bless you.”

He would go through the order of the Church service, as if already ordained.

And so, there are, in the ways of children, that which forecasts their future. And the mother sedulously directed this trait, so prophetic of Alfred's future pre-eminence.

His father taught him to “work when you work, and play when you play.”

Next, we trace Mr. Cookman back to St. George's, then to Newark, N. J.; and his next appointment to Baltimore, in 1834. In the spring of 1836, he is read off for Carlisle, Pa. The Methodists had purchased Dickinson College of the Presbyterians, concentrating the brightest talent of our church, there. J. P. Durbin was President. Geo. Cookman, as the ablest preacher, was sent to represent both the town and school. In the parlor, the pulpit, or Meeting, he shone as the acknowledged conductor. From such a focal point, Alfred received impressions and impulse, religious, social; and from the local scenery, never to be forgotten.

Here it was, that one of the earliest of his letters,—to his grandfather in England, dated January, '38,

displays the neat chirography for which his Letters and MS. have been admired.

Whether his teacher, Prof. R., had to use the rod on his pupil while here, we do not know. Once, when four years of age, he was whipped for throwing a book at his Ma, and at 7, for fighting his brother George. In the revival at Carlisle, winter of 1838, Alfred sought and found the witness of the Spirit, that he was a child of God.

AT THE CAPITAL.—IN the following spring, Mr. Cookman is sent to Wesley Chapel, Washington. "No minister had ever been there, who won such ascendancy over the people, as George Cookman."

A Senator writes: "In the Chapel, arose at the desk, a slender figure 5ft. 8in., of a dark complexion, dark hair falling over his forehead; lean, bony face, wide mouth, round breasted coat, velvet collar, black vest and pantaloons. He made a profound impression, and in a few days was raised to be Chaplain of Congress. The burden of his preaching was Christ Jesus and Him crucified."

Through all the trials and temptations at the Metropolis, Mr. Cookman knew whence his strength was given; and the evidence of the great mind, is its reserve force; to keep in store for emergency and time of need. In this, Mr. Cookman was pre-eminent.

It was his custom to take Alfred to the Senate chamber, and receive the attentions of Senators, and in general greetings; and his youthful heart swelled with emotions of pride, at having such a father. It was while at Washington that he lost the witness of the Spirit; but soon regained the lost pearl, at a Camp Meeting.

In 1840, he was changed to Alexandria City, D. C. The only scrap of Alfred here, are the sights and sounds of the slave pens near the Parsonage; men, women and children behind iron grates and bars, and their piteous cries and tears, made him ever after an open foe to the slave trade.

It was Mr. Cookman's purpose to visit the land of his birth in the Spring of '41. He was a delegate to the British and Foreign Bible Society, bearing with him also the first dispatches from our new President Harrison's administration; see his father and look upon his mother's hallowed resting place.

He was to preach his valedictory in the Capitol. It was an unprecedented occasion: The city was thronged with the *elite* of America. Everything in the Chaplain's favor. Before the hour appointed, the crowd had filled the Hall, John Quincy Adams in the speaker's chair, *facing the preacher..* The space was filled with Senators and representatives. Mr. Cook-

man knelt in a thrilling prayer; eyes filled with tears and voice faltering, as he gave out and sung alone:—

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestuds the sky.

The text was Rev. 20:11,12,—on the day of judgment. They never before heard it preached with such words of thrilling import.

Closing, the preacher said: I go to my native land to press to my heart my aged father, and drop a tear upon my mother's grave. Farewell; and sank down, overpowered with emotion, his congregation all in tears.

I think the author says that there was something of the prophetic in the speaker's tone of voice. And how solemnly prognostic, the third verse:—

Once, on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The winds that tossed my foundring bark.

CHAPTER III.

LOST AT SEA. ALFRED'S PROGRESS.

Mr. Cookman spent Sabbath, March 2, with his friend, Dr. Suddards, rector of Grace Church, 12th and Cherry streets, receiving the Holy supper at his hands. On Thursday, 11th, he boarded the Steamer President for Liverpool. * * * * *

Obs.—O how sad, how solemn, like *requiem* over our dead, to add that here, suddenly, abruptly as

mysteriously, ends our story of the Life of Bro. Cookman. The curtain falls, and all beyond and back, is veiled in impenetrable gloom.—Nevertheless, we do know that he embarked for England, but was landed safe on the Heavenly shore.

But, reminiscent of the fateful ending of such a life, the writer feels it to be a sacred treasure, to have the youthful, modest, impressive image of Mr. Cookman, alongside that of Alfred—father and son, in his earthly home.

The President, nor any of the souls on board, was ever heard of more.—As the time arrived to come into port, the suspense in England and America, became painful with all classes, until at l-a-s-t, *all hope died out.*

Not thus was it with the stricken and bereaved wife. She lived months and years, in hope of her beloved's return. The home was daily arranged;—chair at the table ready for him, and everything in order; trusting to hear the husband's footsteps and see his familiar form at the door, again.

Who, with the writer,—capable of entering into such a sorrow as Mrs. Cookman was called to pass through, can refrain from tears of sympathy and sorrow, over such a whelming grief?

As a storm was raging, the most probable conjecture was, that the vessel had foundered at sea.

The tragic ending of such a course, throws around Bro. Cookman's life a charm which served rather to deepen and extend his influence and fame.—It was an overruling Providence, that instead of taking Alfred with him, it was agreed that he should be left with his mother, to help take care of the home

and the other five children.—These were MARY,
GEORGE, FRANK, WILL, and JOHN E.

The funeral sermon by John Newland Maffit, Washington, D. C., is so rich in imagery, that I feel like giving my readers an extract:—

"The Rev. Geo. G. Cookman embarked on the Steamer President for his native land. Of the vessel and its precious freight, no tidings by wind or wave, have reached us. Elijah was taken to Heaven in a chariot of fire. * * * Fancy can picture the President commissioned from above, to transport Bro. Cookman over life's troubled sea, to the shores of immortality. * * * The Spirit ship swings gracefully down into the whirlpool of the sinking President. An anchor drops where she went down, and one after another of the passengers, is taken on board."

Mrs. Cookman, instead of revelling in her husband's fame, sunk into the deepest despondency. And not moved by the solicitations of friends to go and live with loving relations in England, she would take two rooms and keep her children with her. In the autumn of 1841, friends of her husband gave her a home in Baltimore.

When the mother would be out on errands of mercy, etc., Alfred is at home in charge of the house. He early showed a genius in habits of order, system, neatness. Would try to comfort the mother. Taught his brothers and sisters, not neglecting Sunday School, class and Prayer Meeting.—(I don't know whether to call him a "Chief cook, pot, and bottle washer" at this stage?) He was naturally

serious and thoughtful. The lassies looked to him for their valentines.

In the summer of 1842, Mrs. Cookman renewed her cheerfulness, having sought and found the experience of perfect love.

O bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul, Christ's blood cannot cure.

At seventeen, Alfred manifested a growing interest in the affairs of his country and the Church. He was now licensed, and felt acknowledged to be called to the holy ministry.

At eighteen he says; I took up the trumpet, fallen from the hand of my father, to preach the everlasting gospel.

He was at this time proficient in Latin, Greek, German, and French.

In 1846, Mrs. Cookman changed her home to Philadelphia,—Race, between 10 and 11th street.

CHAPTER IV.

BEGINNING HIS MINISTRY. MARRIAGE. RECOVERS
WITNESS OF HIS SANCTIFICATION IN THE REVIVAL
OF 1857-8.—TILL THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT
OF 1867.

ALFRED'S first appointment was to Attleboro et., Bucks. Co. On parting with him at the door, the mother's charge to her son was:—My dear boy, if

you would be a useful and happy servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, you must seek the blessing of holiness.

Bishop Hamline and wife's coming to Newtown, on this circuit; his gentle, dignified bearing, devotional spirit, illuminated face, made a profound impression on the young itinerant.—He says:—While we knelt all together in Prayer, I felt that I had received the grace of a new and clean heart.

Of Alfred's respect and love for Bishop Hamline and wife, he writes to them at Evanston, Ills., from Des Plaines, C. M. Aug. 19, '70.

At the conference in 1847, against his wishes, he was sent to Delaware circuit, Del. It was through the story telling, joking, etc., at this session, Bro. Cookman's experience, alas! received a check, which lasted ten years.—There is, at our conferences, a tendency to unprofitable talking. A fellow feeling, makes preachers wondrous kind. Coming together, with a fund of anecdote, the conversation is not always fit to minister grace to the hearers.

In 1848, his field of labor is at Germantown and Chestnut Hill. In 1849-50, Kensington and Port Richmond,—his father's first appointment.

The story of "A man in the house" (on the day the boy changes to a man) in the mother's home, as an illustration of both the serious and dramatic in Alfred, comes in here. The alarm was given by him on that night,—"There's a man in the house!"

arousing the sleepers, in dread of facing a robber; but in turn, to rejoice, not only in the Son and brother's majority, but ready wit, in thus making the new manhood a subject of still greater interest.

It was about this time, adds our author, that I first saw Mr. Cookman and heard him preach. He was then twenty-two, of a handsome, pleasing personal appearance; slight, erect, of a most engaging countenance; the more attractive, from the dark hair falling down over his neck and shoulders.

In July, 1850, we in spirit, follow him on the Europa from New York, on a visit to his grandfather and relatives at Hull, England.

Here is a beautiful Letter to his mother, dated Europa, July 19, and another from Hull, July 29, to his mother and family, that even a Cowper might well be proud of.

The welcome, attentions, honors, love tokens Alfred received during this memorable visit, space will not allow us to record.

HIS MARRIAGE.

March 6, 1851, he was united in marriage to Miss Annie E. Bruner, of Columbia, Pa.

A few weeks after, we read of his appointment to West Chester.—It was the anniversary of the new charge, and their new Pastor and new wife, found a warm hearted welcome. Parsonage put in order, Tea spread; All things ready for them. (How

happy such a Reception made Mr. Cookman and wife feel!)

Next, through the Itinerant wheel, we follow Mr. Cookman in 1853, to Harrisburg. And from there, to Pittsburgh in 1855.

In a lady's album, while here, his father had written a Valentine. On the opposite page, Alfred now writes: It is nineteen years since my beloved father pressed this leaf, and I cannot express the happiness I feel, in writing this tribute to his memory. But alas! the withering thought, like a scorching Sirocco, sweeps over me, that though he *was*, he is not.

Before this, the sea weed has been his winding sheet, the coral rock his pillow. But if the ocean is his magnificent Mausoleum, the rolling, raging surge his requiem, the floating iceberg his only tombstone, we rejoice that a day has been appointed, when the sea shall give up her dead, and we shall meet him again, where

Love shall weave her golden chain,
Round us forever.—Amen.

His Letters to his "Dear Annie," children, friends, etc., (of which more than one hundred are given in order, through the volume), both enrich and add a charm to the "Life." They reveal the great, loving heart of their Author, are models of Letter writing, and suggest the versatility of talent in the writer; while the reader can learn from them, how to improve his own.

From Pittsburg, "Alfred Cookman" was read off for Green Street Church, Philadelphia,—(the

writer's Church home.) The preparation for the change, occupied till midnight, the people forming in procession, to show their Pastor and family a loving though sorrowful "Farewell" and God be with you.

At the close of his second year 1858, there were 814 members and probationers, his brother George and Annie E. Dickinson from the Friends, among his converts.

It was in the Revival of 1857-8, that waves of converting and sanctifying power swept over city and land. It was in this pastorate, that Bro. Cookman regained the experience of perfect love; such a baptism of heart cleansing, that no arguments or jokes of his fellow ministers, could move him.

This awakening reached out into the country, till there was not a hamlet that did not feel its power. Religion was the subject of thought and conversation. Workshops, theatre, saloon, highway, seemed to become consecrated places for singing and Prayer, for men and women under conviction of sin. Churches were crowded. Wicked men mourned over their lives. Ministers were clothed with power. They and their people were brought nearer together, and fused into holier bonds of Christian love. Bro. Cookman put himself abreast of this Revival, to move with it.

This Pentecostal flame from Heaven, it is believed, was kindled in the heart of J. C. Lanphier, a lay missionary, and spread out from the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting, New York, begun Wednesday, September 23, 1857, at 12 M.—For half an hour, only two persons, Mr. L. the leader, and Head of the Church triumphant, were present. Then five more. The next Meeting 20, and October 7, 40 persons were there.

After this, they met daily. By January, three rooms were occupied; and in the Spring, largest churches, police and freight department and stores, were opened for the thousands who came to pray.

As the news flew abroad, daily Meetings were opened in the towns and cities.—C. G. Finney started Meetings in Boston.

Lanphier had asked the Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? And God, wanting such a man, inspired and endued him with such Faith and hope, as began to set this whole land in a blaze of religious awakening.

While at Pittsburgh, among other things in his Consecration of Jesus, we read:—Finding that I cannot use tobacco with a clear conscience, I herewith abstain from it forever.

After he had lost the blessing, at the Wilmington Conference in 1847, he now writes; O how many years I've wasted in quibbling over the two experiences! not seeing that I was antagonizing a doctrine that must be spiritually discerned. * * * Meanwhile, I had been led into the use of tobacco; which, while affording gratification to the palate, seemed also to help my nervous and social nature. When it was

thrown away, light and strength were given. Then I would listen to suggestions: It is "one of the good things of God." Our Religion does not require asceticism. It is not forbidden in our Bible. Many good Christians use it.—All this, to put conscience to rest and return to the old habit. It was giving carnality, not conscience, the benefit of the doubt.

FROM HIS POCKET DIARY, we quote:—

January 1, 1858.—Our Watch Night was solemn and profitable.

O that this may be the best day of my life! * * *

5—Spent most of the day in Court room as a witness.

6—Sixteen at the altar, 3 converted.

10—Preached Sunday on entire consecration.

Administered the Sacrament in the P. M.

21—John Thompson preached. An excellent Sermon.

J. B. Longacres, 1206 Spring Garden, was with Bro. Cookman, a favorite resort. Mrs. Sarah L. Keen, after the death of her mother, still kept up the Holiness Meeting in their parlor, in which Alfred took a leading part.

It is from *Such* Meetings, like Bro. Cookman, one comes forth with strength renewed, for holier living and work for the Master. Even so.

We do not have to go far to find him next, at Old Union—the “Academy,” where Whitefield drew and thrilled the eager, admiring multitude, a hundred years before. His brother George was here a worker together with him; and also, blessed with the presence of his Dear Mother.

From a Letter to the wife at Columbia:—“I dropped in at the Race Street home. Mother and Mary were going to Tea at William’s. * * * On arriving at 224 North 5th Street, (Parsonage), I felt such a sense of loneliness, as not to be described. It would not do. Kneeling in Prayer, I soon felt myself in the best of company,—the room filled with a sense of my loving Savior’s presence.”

The irrepressible conflict between freedom and Slavery, was coming to a crisis. And when the question of making slave-holding a test of membership came up in Conference, Bro. Cookman, on his knees, poured out his soul to God for light and strength, and then voted “Aye.” Here was the iron in his nature. He had the courage of his convictions.

His anti-slavery sermon on Is. VIII:12, followed. At the close, his face shone with an unearthly light. His attitude on such a subject, made him enemies. To those who opposed, his response was, “I can afford to forgive them.”

The firing on Fort Sumter, Friday April 12, 1861, had aroused the North and South to war,—booming out the wrathful vengeance of Heaven against the

evil of slavery; and the time had come, when the ploughshare was to be beaten into the sword:—

God's terrible swift sword,

As in Julia Ward Howes

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Following the footsteps of our Itinerant, we find him, May 1861, at Central Church, New York, the one his father was to serve on his return from England; and to share in the joy over the wife and children's homecoming from Columbia.

Here it is, we first learn of his finding his way into Phoebe Palmer's Meeting, on Rivington Street.

From Central Church, in 1863, his name is read off for a two years pastorate at Trinity Church, where, as his custom was, he begins a Holiness Meeting.

In the winter of this year, we find him enlisted as Chaplain with the Christian Commission, in the army of the Potomac, till March 24, 1864. It is noticeable that in this brief episode, seventeen Letters from his hand, are given in the "Life."

Bro. Cookman was a favorite with the children and youth. A Letter, while in New York, to one of his own, will give us some idea of his juvenile talent in this:—

My Dear little Puss. This is *your* letter, written by your precious papa. Every day he thinks of you,

and waits the time when he may take you in his arms again. If you were here tonight, he would not be satisfied with less than a dozen kisses. Your little Brother, Bruner, has been sick. You ought to see his dog. His name is Prince, a happy little fellow, that barks at Willie, plays with Frank, jumps up on George and follows Brune. I know he would love you. He could not help it. Everybody loves my little darling Puss, but nobody better than her devoted Papa. Be a very good girl. Learn to jump the rope. Help Grandma to water the flowers. Mind every thing Aunt B. Says to you. Kiss Mozie and little Alfred for me. Don't eat all the currants and gooseberries before I come. Would you not like me to send you a picture book? Look out, and some of these days Kate will find you one in the postoffice. Now give me a goodbye kiss.

THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE NATIONAL HOLINESS CAMP MEETING ASSOCIATION—ALFRED COOKMAN, IN GIFTS, GRACE AND USEFULNESS,—Thro All, Preeminent.

HIS LAST MEETINGS,—URBANA AND MARTHAS VINE YARD.

The transfer of Bro. Cookman to Spring Garden Church, in '65, began a "New departure," both in his ministry and the Church's life :—The Friday Meeting in that year and Holiness Camp Meeting in 1867.

VINELAND.—This initial Holiness C. M. opened Sunday, July 7.

It was here, after the Meeting, that the National Holiness Camp Meeting Association was formed, the members all upon their knees. Bro. Cookman's Prayer was inspired. It was under the arbor, where Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were. We all felt it to be holy ground; that God was in this place.—One said :—Bro. Cookman, after such pleading for the Holy Spirit, arose, and reaching himself high as he could, grasped the blessing desired. Then, falling upon his knees,

gave thanks to God. O the good such praying Faith did my soul!

Bishop Simpson was there, and was given both a Bishop and father's joy, over the conversion of his son.

The Head of the Church militant so honored this Meeting, that the misgiving and fears of the Association were removed.

OBS. As the Reformation through Martin Luther was a Revival,—a restoration of the doctrine of salvation by Faith through the finished work of our Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross, and that of sound gospel teaching and experience (from out of a ritualistic form of godliness in England), under the Wesleys; so in this Holiness Movement, we notice history repeating itself.—It was the outcome of the true Christian calling within, struggling to come to the birth, in the hearts of Phoebe Palmer, J. A. Wood, Mrs. and J. S. Inskip, Alfred Cookman and others, in *this* Revival.

And after one has received the witness of the new and clean heart, he will learn how Jesus is the WAY, the TRUTH and LIFE; and made unto us Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification and Redemption,—our All in All, the life hid with Christ in God, in a sense and degree, not understood before.

In Him alone to see,

All I need to cleanse and keep me fully whole.

After having graduated through the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and found the way into the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, how much easier is it to live like Jesus would, if in one's place.

Holiness in heart and life, *is* the lowest standard of the gospel. The higher Christian life, is the easiest to live. And the pure in heart may think of himself as an

incarnation of his Master,—the more real to the writer, after such an experience given him April, 1900,—under NOTES from JOURNAL.

His vacations found Mr. Cookman everywhere in the camp Meetings, losing himself in his favorite theme, entire sanctification.—Writing to the wife from Pennsgrove N. J., he says: It is as the vestibule of Heaven to be here. O what a Meeting we had this morning!

My glad soul mounted higher,
In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

Here it was Aug. 4, 1865, that the writers experience (which had suffered loss in the war), was renewed, as the sun rose on the Millville tent. Bros. Inskip, Lawrence, the Stocktons, Henry Belden, were there.

At one in Maryland, he says: In teaching this doctrine and experience, O how was I raised in spirit, a marvel to myself! All through the ground,—400 tents, there was not space for those hungering for heart purity. After preaching to them, 19 ministers in the Preachers tent, were sanctified.

MANHEIM Pa.,—Sunday, July 20, '68.—Mr. Cookman had chosen this spot.—A correspondent says:—“Before the time, crowds of people, North, South, East and West, came flocking together. The dust and heat made it almost unendurable, while the atmosphere was as Egyptian darkness. * * * But to be at the 8 o'clock Meeting, compensated for all the discomfort,—500 witnesses testifying that the

blood of Jesus cleansed them from all sin. W. L. Gray then gave out that Bishop Simpson would preach, Bro. Inskip in the P. M., and Alfred Cookman at 7.30. On the stand,—“You must abandon your Sermon and tell your experience,” was impressed on his heart. He obeyed. “The effect was overwhelming; and through the night, Prayer and praise from every tent, were going up to Heaven.”

Manheim it seems, was to be the Pentecostal of these Holiness Meetings:—a Power house to radiate that dynamic, Spiritual impulse, to give the Leaders increase of Faith and love, for “greater things.”

The next after Manheim was at Round Lake, N. Y., Sunday, July 6, '69.—Here, when witnesses were called for, State by State in the Love Feast, Camp Meeting John Allen of Maine, said he had been to 199 Camp Meetings to this time.—John Allen was born 1795. He had at his death attended 374, preached at the last one, and died there.

There were three Camp Meetings in the following year:—

HAMILTON, Mass., Tuesday, June 21.

OAKINGTON, Md., Sunday, June 12.

DES PLAINES, Ills., Tuesday, Aug. 9.

For the year '71, the Committee said we will hold two:—

ROUND LAKE, Tuesday, July 4.

URBANA, O., Tuesday, Aug. 1.

In all these mountain top assemblages, Mr. Cookman was present, calling to sinners and saints to repent of sin and consecrate themselves afresh to Jesus, the Captain of our salvation.

Before starting for Urbana, from Ocean Grove—their home (he showed signs of overtaxing work), his wife said to him, in tears; My Dear, you will not go to Urbana?

(She knew how poorly he was.) My dear, he replied, it is God's will. The Spirit of the Lord God was upon him.—L. R. Dunn says: "At our Meeting at Round Lake, Bro. Cookman was ill. But his zeal for his Master would not let him rest. * * * To our surprise, he came early to Urbana, and preached with a pathos he never did before."

From here, in a Letter to his wife, he adds: The table was luxurious. I never knew such at a Camp Meeting. So tastefully spread and served. Such a variety at dinner:—Roast chicken, chicken pot pie, beef, lamb, ham; every kind of vegetable; corn, tomatoes, beans, etc., with nice pie and watermelon for dessert.

As preaching is very appetising, and Nothing pays better for brain and brawn than good cookery, may we not think of such a *menu*, as contributing its part to Bro. Cookman's pathos at Urbana?

And I will not apologise for adding, that bad food and hunger are responsible, proximately, for many of the crimes committed; and that many persons are digging their graves with their teeth.

Writing to his Annie at Ocean Grove from Urbana, he charges:—Make our cottage, before I come, a thing of joy and beauty forever, will suggest the refined taste, the esthetic element in Mr. Cookman's nature.

At Urbana, his relations with the Association ceased.

On Mr. Cs preaching we quote a Cincinnati paper:—"His text was,—Eph. 5:18. Be filled with the Spirit.—An imperfect report, would only mar his utterances, and a perfect one would fail to convey an idea of the glowing elegance of his style, and effect of his appeals to men and women, to be filled with the Spirit.

On the Spirit and power of Cookmans ministry, one at Des Plaines C. M. testifies:—To my surprise, 200 arose for Prayers, inspiring Bro. C to pray as I never heard or expect to hear equaled. The Spirit wrought in him with groans that could not be uttered. In audience with the Deity, he took hold on God, raised from his knees and prevailed, as many will testify in

the day of judgment.

It was in this pastorate that the Peninsula Convention, Smyrna, Del., was held, Nov. 1870. Mr. Cookman was the presiding genius.

It was to consolidate and inspire our people to renew their consecration to God.—It was to Bro. Cookmans taste. In his Address he said:—

The visible church of the Christ, is a body of faithful Christians, in which the pure word of God is preached and Sacraments duly administered.

After speaking of the lower, he portrays the excellency of the higher life. How the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification and witness of the Spirit began with Embury in N. Y., and spread till we now have 2,000,000 of Methodists and 8,000,000 adherents.

Continuing:—Is the spiritual life in this Conference up to the N. T. standard? Instead of brotherly kindness, is there not uncharitableness, backbiting, bitterness felt, if not manifested? Instead of self denial, and taking up the cross, is there not shunning it and disposition to flesh pleasing? Instead of a Catholic spirit, systematic beneficence, there is a lack of these. For simplicity in dress and style of living, is there not aping to this world's fashions and follies? In place of words seasoned with salt, there is idle, gossipy, unprofitable talk.—

(The writer feels it to be in place here to impress Bro. Cs words,—he first heard from Bro. Pepper in our Holy Meeting; that all such intercourse, is really "Talking with the devil."—It is out of the abundance of the heart, mans mouth speaks, a sure sign of what is there;—self, this world, or My Jesus. Amen.)

I gave up talking with the spirit of the god of this world l-o-n-g ago, and took up and sing my hungry hearts desire in C. Wesleys lay:—Talk with me Lord, Thyself reveal.

Such questions suggest:—

- 1 The necessity of a more Christly form of life.
- 2 Of writing on our head, hands, feet, senses,—bodies, sacred to Jesus.
- 3 The church raised above its dependence on extra revival Meetings, to preserve its life.

O brethren! Successors of Abbot, Bp Asbury, Freeborn Garretson, Jesse Lee, let us take up and forward the banner of holiness in this Peninsula.

O brothers! it is good to be here. Behold, how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

We part, but Christians never part for the last time.

We shall meet again,

Meet neer to sever.

Dr. M., Protestant Episcopal, followed:—I have felt the Saviors Prayer answered,—that they all may be one. Why is it that Christians throughout the world, are not united in one body? Is it not for want of the love of Jesus? We have lived too much as strangers. It is wrong. It is the same many mansioned house. I am in only one of the rooms of Gods building.

The tide of joy was now at its height. All sprang to their feet. Bro. C. grasping the hand of Bro. M. on the left and a Presbyterian Pastors on the right, called on all Christians present, to clasp hands and sing:—Say, Brothers will you meet me, with the refrain—By the grace of God I'll meet you.

This Address, says one, was the finest I ever heard. It comprised 2760 words.

"Notwithstanding Mr. C. was solemn and dignified in bearing, there was a vein of the ludicrous in his nature. He could laugh till he shook all over. I was in the Wednesday Union Prayer Meeting, when an amusing incident caused a suppressed smile over the congregation. Despite his efforts to keep his gravity, with hands over his face, he was shaking with laughter.

O said he, afterward, I did want to get off the platform to where I *could* laugh.—A Presbyterian Minister.

The parting scenes, closing his ministry in Grace Church, were truly affecting. Mr. Hillis, of the Friends, says in allusion to this last Meeting; I was led to read Pauls charge to the Elders at Ephesus, Acts. 20:—And they all wept sore, * * * sorrowing most of all * * * that they should see his face no more. Bro. Cookman and all wept, and could not proceed for the weeping. And how prophetic the "sorrowing" was, as the *sequel* proved!

CHAP. II

CLOSING DAYS of an APOSTOLIC MINISTRY

When a star is quenched on high,
For ages will its light
Still travelling downward thro the sky,
Fall on our blinded sight.

FROM Grace to Central church, Newark, N. J., was Bro. Cookmans last move.—After returning from Urbana and the Meeting at Marthas Vineyard with his family, in September, he returns to his congregation at Newark.

But he had gone too far for his bodily powers. The bow had been too long unstrung, not to have lost its wondrous spring.

While it is better to wear, than rust out, our author dilates on the question,—in application to his subject, very deftly; seeming to compromise; leaving Mr. Cs "election," to obedience to his convictions of duty,—his individual consciousness, than against advice of friends.

He would now throw himself on the sofa, after coming in from pastoral duties, saying; I think my work may be nearly done:—Rallying again, he would speak of his plans for the future.

It was observable that his deadness to the world and spiritual mindedness, became more apparent to all.

In October, he called at his Bro. Johns. It was his last call.

He said he would love to die in the pulpit, with his armor on.

Oct. 22, Sabbath evening, was his last sermon; Is 64,—we all do fade as a leaf, holding up a faded leaflet. He looked like one transfigured. A lady said, she did not think John Fletcher looked more seraphic.

The disease,—in his feet and ankles, was *mialgia*, —a kind of rheumatism.

To Bro. Dunn he said; If the bones of my feet were all teeth, every one with jumping toothache, it would give an idea of what I suffer.

VISION OF HEAVEN.—After one of his paroxysms, as “between sleeping and waking,” he felt himself to be inside the Pearly gates, where first, his grandfather welcomed him;—“Alfred Cookman, washed in the blood of the Lamb;” next, his father, then his Bro. George, and his son Bruner; everyone in turn, then presenting him before the Throne.

I know said he, what it is to be washed in the blood of the Lamb. Now, I’ve learned what it is to be made perfect through suffering—the allusion to Rev. 7:14.—These are they who have come out of great tribulation, etc.

His last Letter to Mrs. A. Bruner ends with,—“Weary and can write no more.” He was now Resting in the “sweet will of God.” To the wife, he advised to live a moment at a time; and after I am gone, if permitted, I will be your guardian angel to conduct you to our *heavenly* home.*

His mother coming in, said; I feel it to be as the gate of Heaven, here in your room.

To the wife; I am the Christs little lamb, nestled in His bosom.—To his son George; “All day I’ve been hovering near the gates of death.” On being moved to the other side of the bed, he said; O how sweet and quiet it all is!—

*At this writing, in tender charge of her daughter, Mrs. Annie C. Halsted, in a *comatose* state, at 5530 Morris St., Germantown, lies the one to whom these parting words were spoken.—waiting the Masters call—“Come home,” to reunite with her sainted husband.

An effusion of the brain now swept over him, making him insensible to outward things; and at 11 P. M., Thursday, Nov. 13, the Spirit of Alfred Cookman went Sweeping thro the gates, * * * And thus to the bosom of God, in the prime of life, one of the most saintly and useful men of modern times.

* * * * *

The shock felt at the news of his death, was only exceeded by the universal grief, as though one had died in every house.

After the services at his church, the body was taken to Philadelphia, and next day 17th, to Union church; the strains of The dead March of Saul, adding to the solemnity, as the funeral cortege entered.

Dr. Nevin read the Scripture, Jay Dickerson the hymn, Dr. Pattison the Prayer, Dr. Suddards, A. Longacre, J. H. Alday, made addresses.—

Dr. Foster of Drew Seminary, then spoke: Alfred Cookman belonged to a royalty. There is the royalty of genius, of intellect, of scientific research, of eloquence. He was not wanting in these. He belonged to a race whose lips were strangely touched. It was a royalty rarer than these;—the seraphic royalty of Earth. Not Pauline, it was Johannine,—a brother to him who leaned on Jesus' breast * * *

When the brother prayed that the mantle of Bro. Cookman might fall on us, I said Amen. * * * As my little boy brought me the news of his death, know-

ing how it would affect me,—he spoke in a low tone, O how it shocked me! I felt that the most sacred character I have ever known, had gone from us. I have known the men of the church through thirty years, episcopal and lay; but the most sacred man I've ever known, is the one who lies enshrined in that casket.

"The life of Alfred Cookman comes back to me like a chime of church bells, embowered among trees in a soft June day. It was not so much what I heard him say or do, that impressed me, as himself. * * * To be with him, was to be blest. With him in preaching, the Christ was all and in all. Sweep a circle three feet around the Cross, and you take in all that there was of Alfred Cookman.—DeWitt Talmage.

* * * * *

After the benediction, the Procession of mourners followed the bier to South Laurel Hill, where

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,

was sung, and the body lowered in the earth;—"Dust to dust," there in repose, to rest from its labors and pain, till the glorious Resurrection morn.

+ It is an impressive lesson on the estimate that man places on personal sanctity in his kind, in the formation of character, to add the testimony J. H. Smith in our late Convention at St. Georges, that the savor of such a life and ministry, though without any sounding *title* even, to it, but simply Alfred Cook-

man, had, like the fame of Jesus, spread abroad wherever he had come in his late Oriental Mission!

And now closing Book I, as a *Souvenir* memento of the loving memory of the author,—voicing also that of the surviving relatives and friends;—we who were favored with the ministrations, and witnesses of the last sad rites of sorrowing love over the remains of Alfred Cookman, after the forty and two years in the retrospect, we feel like adding this heart felt tribute, reminiscent of the friend and brother, who has passed on before and entered into that within the Veil.

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

LIFE, MARRIAGE AND MINISTRY OF J. S. INSKIP, TILL THEIR SANCTIFICATION AT SING SING, C. M., IN 1864, AND "FIRST BUDDINGS" OF THE HOLINESS MOVEMENT

THE man who rose to be the Leader of the Holiness Movement in 1867.—John Swanel Inskip, was born at Huntinden, England, (the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell), August 10, 1816.* At the age of five years, he was brought over to Wilmington, Del., where the Inskip family now resided.

The lad inherited an impetuous spirit, and so full of fun, that while at school, he was frequently chastised. Himself speaks of his teacher's aptitude in using the rattan on his back.

As he grew up, he tried to persuade himself of his father's belief, who seems to have been skeptical, and was on the verge of infidelity.

Sunday, April 10, 1832, at Marshalton Pa., he was convicted of sin under the preaching of Levi, afterward Bishop Scott, and in the evening service, was

*That was "The Summerless year."

converted. He joined the Methodists, and began to exhort sinners to turn to God.

On hearing J. B. Ayars preach, he became so wrought upon, that through his praying and exhortations, some of the worst characters in the borough, were reformed, and brought to Jesus.

In 1833, at Goshen, Chester County, he was licensed to exhort. He now, with one McC., a pugilist, and one other, formed a band of workers in soul saving. John then got possession of his father's blacksmith shop, and ere long, they had 80 conversions, and organized a society, including two of his sisters. For such harm to the devil's cause, his father broke up the Meeting, disowned and drove his son out of his house.

Finding himself now adrift in the wide world, for Jesus' sake, the little pilgrim went forth singing,

O how happy are they,
Who the Savior obey!—

the very song that Miss Sally Keen heard a chimney sweep chanting, and which led to her sanctification, (as related to the writer). The next day, John was led to go back to the house, where he found his father broken down; and calling to him, said; "John, we must have Prayer." He was brought to Jesus, and soon found peace in believing in the sinner's Friend. The wife and children,—the whole

family, followed. "O how happy" was poor John now! And what a happy home it was that day.

O happy hearts and happy homes,
Where Christ the King of triumph comes!

The shop was after this day of the Lord, christened "Mount Joy;" and soon a new chapel arose on the spot.

May 23, '35, John was licensed to preach, and sent to Cecil Circuit; and soon after, was married to Miss Martha Jane Foster, then seventeen years of age, who became a help-meet indeed, through all of an arduous and soul saving ministry.

* * * * *

It was at Sing Sing, C. M., August, '64, that the wife sought and found the grace of entire sanctification, and testified to her new experience before all present. At this, her husband was both displeased and mortified.

Sunday, 28th, on Hebrews 12:1, in application, while exhorting his hearers to lay aside every weight, and Do it now! repeating the Do it now! a voice within said, "Do it yourself!" And notwithstanding he had been opposed to the experience, he heeded the admonition as from God; and, coming down, led the way for all who would follow him, into the Cleansing Fountain.

He dates his sanctification then and there.

In Book II, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip, (though associated with Bro. Cookman), will appear as the inspiring, leading figures in the distinctive Evangelistic Holiness Movement.

August 31, he writes in his Journal: O how my soul rejoices in the Lord.—September 2—My soul is on fire. With the impulse of this new affection controlling, he now found his way into Phoebe Palmers Meeting, and speaks of the wonderful blessing he felt in giving his new experience.

It was at this period, after having been an inveterate user of tobacco,—that filthiness of the flesh, II Corinthians 7:1, the Spirit showed him, as He did to Alfred Cookman in '57, that it must be forever laid aside. Amen.

CHAPTER II

FROM THE FIRST BUDDINGS OF THE HOLINESS ASSOCIATION:—RISE AND PROGRESS OF ITS WORK.

LEAVING Mr. Inskip's growing ministry of more than thirty years, (including a Chaplaincy of fourteen months with the army), behind us, we will follow him, with his wife and consecrated band, in the work of The National Holiness Camp Meeting Association, from its "first buddings" in '66; when,

after the demoralization brought upon us by the late fratricidal war between the free and slave holding states,—the nation bankrupt in \$6,000,000,000, the church in almost a backslidden state; it was in response to the call and appeal of our Bishops for a Revival of pure Religion; when, at Red Bank, N. J., Jno. A. Wood* spoke to Mrs. Harriet E. Drake about a Camp Meeting for Holiness. Sister Drake had opened her home for such a Meeting. Bro. Wood then waited on W. B. Osborne, who in turn, hastened to New York to advise Bro. Inskip. It was a new idea to him.—On parting, the two pledged themselves that there would be at least, “two tents.”

June 13, in response to a call, at 1018 Arch street A. E. Ballard, P. E., H. M. Brown, A. Longacre, Osborne, Father Coleman, B. M. Adams, J. S. Heisler, R. V. Lawrence, John Thompson, Alfred Cookman, came together. On motion of Anthony Atwood, it was agreed to hold the Meeting at Vineland, N. J., Wednesday, July 17, '67.—(For this and Des Plaines Camp Meetings, see Book I.)

Bro. Inskip gave out,—

There is a Fountain filled with blood,
which after, came into favor with the Association,
and given out as Inskip's Battle hymn.

*Author of *PERFECT LOVE*, one of the best on Holiness ever published.

ON CAMP MEETINGS: Henry Boehm tells us of one at Dover, Del., in 1805, where 1100 were converted and 600 sanctified. At another near, where there were 1320 conversions and 916 professed to be cleansed from all sin.

The Camp Meeting never was intended for Christians only. But this was the first,—initial one, having for its objective primarily, the teaching and enforcing on church members and ministers, that this is the will of God, even your sanctification; that holiness is the lowest standard of the gospel.

MANHEIM, Pa., Sunday, July 24, '68. * * *
After G. W. Woodruff had prayed, *presto*, as a flash of lightning from Heaven, there arose a simultaneous burst of agony. (I don't remember whether before or after John Thompson preached); then of GLORY from the congregation, for one hour, beggaring all description. It was the most sublime spectacle they had ever seen at a Camp Meeting. Sinners were awe struck, while others fled. Some said they heard a sound as of a rushing wind—

O Lord, send the Power, O Lord, send the Power,
O Lord, send the Power just now,
And baptize every one.

ROUND LAKE, N. Y., Tuesday, July 6, '69.—The figure of Bishop Peck in the midst of his brethren on the high stand, impressed me. The head so conspicuous. I did not wonder that some said he might have been called Bishop Bushel.

The two sermons by W. H. Boole and John Wesley Horne, I shall never forget. They preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven.

HAMILTON, MASS. Tuesday, June 21, '70.—“It was here the Tabernacle was first erected.”

OAKINGTON, Md., Tuesday, July 12, '70.—The heat, 100°, and dust were so great, that Father Coleman prayed that Heaven would kindly mitigate the sufferings of man and beast, by sending us rain. A copious shower followed, which in turn, broke up the opening service.

At Sunday morning Love Feast, Bro. Boole raised the assembly by a ringing notice, that at “this very hour” in Rome, the doctrine of Papal infallibility was being proclaimed. “I propose that we proclaim Jesus Christ to be the only Head of the true Catholic Church, and Crown *Him* Lord of all.” We all then sung out,

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown *Him* Lord of all.

ROUND LAKE, N. Y., Tuesday, July 4, '71.—Here it was, after a season of undue excitement, Bro. Inskip said:—Brethren, don't quench the Spirit. The Spirit is quenched when we make much noise. I know all about it. (How true!) The best way to hold out, is to hold in. You soon empty a vessel by letting what is in it run out.

Your strength is to sit still. You grieve the Spirit by your talking, when others want to be quiet. I do not want emotions to drive *me* to say Amen, too loud.—Do you know what a gush and unction is? Like an Artesian well, it just flows.

How good! Bro. Inskip, you preached in the Spirit on this.—In the multitude of words, there wanteth not transgression. And he who has learned To talk with God, has ceased from talking with the devil,—as so many “Christians” are really doing. *Selah.*

CHAPTER III.

THE HOLINESS REVIVAL, TILL ROUND THE WORLD TOUR.—1880.

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

MARCH 6, '71, Mr. Inskip resigned the pastorate of Eutaw Street Church, Baltimore; and with Mrs. Inskip, McDonald, Boole and wives, with Father Coleman, set out for Sacramento, the Capital of California.

En route, after an evening service at Omaha, returning to their place of rest, in the darkness the driver mistook the way, and all were plunged into a ravine and hurt; Father Coleman so much, that he went on crutches the rest of the way. He said

that the devil meant to kill him, but the Lord Jesus wanted him in California.

On their journey, they were joined by J. H. Vincent, D. L. Moody and Philip Philips,—the singing Evangelist.

The Meeting opened Saturday, April 22, '71. Bro. Osborne read the Scripture, The Battle Hymn was sung. Sunday was an ideal day, and "there are no clouds in Summer skies here."—Miners, hunters, gamblers, murderers, ranters, flocked in to disturb or break up the Meeting. It was Bro. Inskip's courage and tact, that saved the day; soothing even the wild beasts into a respectful attention,—subduing the devil's children, even to winning their approval of their Mission.—A wave of spiritual power now began to sweep out from the Tabernacle, hundreds of miles around.

The first great battle on the Pacific Coast was fought and won. Miracles of grace and mercy on the souls and bodies of men and women, were wrought, comparable with what we read in the Acts of the Apostles.

Suffice to mention the story of Mrs. Inskip's getting an aged woman,—at the altar, who had been 1-o-n-g seeking pardon of sin; and found rest, only after she was persuaded to forgive the man who had murdered her son.—Of the opium eater,—even

to 120 grains a day, and mind bordering on idiocy, on hearing Bro. Booles' story of the case in Brooklyn, N. Y., saved from the habit, was so encouraged that he also, was saved. And of the athlete, who sprang up on the platform, gesticulating and exhorting sinners to repent; adding, that himself was going to hell; falling upon the floor, caught and held by Osborne and others, until he found rest by Faith in Jesus' blood.

Saturday, May 5th, dawned beautiful, with a sense of something unusual, as always is the case at these Meetings, and preclusive to a baptism of the Holy Spirit.—None felt like praying or speaking, but in an undertone. The singing was low, like angel notes. After kneeling 20 minutes, a halo of golden glory encircled their heads,—blest symbol and seal of God's approval of His Servants' work.—

All were melted to tears, and thrilled with holy joy.

Mrs. Inskip's brother, Charles Foster, who had departed from God, leaving wife and children behind in Maryland 17 years before, and living like a hermit in a cabin, came to the Meeting. Bro. Inskip preached. His heart was touched. As he was leaving, Sister Inskip sang one of her favorite songs:—

O who will stand up for Jesus,
The lowly Nazarene?

His ear was reminded of his sister's voice in days of his youth, bringing back to him fond memories of by gone years. * * * He comes back, and to Mr. Inskip, saying: Don't you know me? I do not. Not your brother-in-law? O Charley, is it you! —Then, turning to his wife, said: Martha, here is a gentleman who wants to speak to you. The recognition was soon mutual, and then brother and sister were in each others arms, and tears of joy flowed freely.

Foster was reclaimed, returned to his home and died in the triumph of Faith in Jesus Christ. O bless the Lord!

The closing exercises, Sunday, May 6, might remind one of Paul's parting with the elders at Ephesus. Hundreds were raised up, to walk henceforth, in newness of life.

SANTA CLARA—Here, all the batteries of Tabernacle were opened upon the promiscuous gathering and back slidden state of the church members.

The word was quick and powerful. It was a desperate fight. Father Coleman wrestled all of one night with the powers of darkness. His mind was bewildered;—an experience like Luther's with Satan, in Wartburg Castle.—As he was to preach, Jesus appeared to him in the door, then a few steps towards him. Then He sat down, smiling on His

aged disciple.—It was Coleman, who was to deliver the discourse at Santa Clara. The victory and scenes that followed, were wonderful.

There was a student from the University, wealthy and benevolent, a “good Christian” and church member, attended. He fell backwards,—convicted of his inbred sin. Nobody could hold him. Tumbling, rolling over and under the seats, causing a wild, confusing effect in the tent. It was a dramatic scene, so distracting that Bro. Inskip feared their Mission at Santa Clara, would prove a failure. (He had just had his band consecrate to God for all that was to come.) When the young man became quiet, he testified with shining face, that Jesus’ blood had cleansed him from all sin. From that hour, the work of the Evangelists began to sweep all before it.

It ought to be noticed here, that Mr. Inskip proved himself to be girded with superhuman endowments and sublime equipoise, throughout all the Meetings, and on every occasion. He was a strong man, both in mind and body. (The Frontispiece, even to one not a physiognomist, impresses this most deeply.)

The parting at Santa Clara, showed how that it is the love, *agapa* of Jesus that draws, fusing and uniting all true Christian hearts,—to be “all one, even as We are one.”

SAN FRANCISCO—Thursday, May 25, Inskip & Co. were on their way to this place—50 miles off. * * *

As the terrible pounding went on, the battle waxed hotter, the opposition and prejudice gave way, and many were born again, reclaimed, and others cleansed from inbred sin.

SALT LAKE CITY.—Monday, June 5th, the holy band were on their way to Mormondom.—The Mormons regard themselves as God's peculiar people, persecuted for Christ's sake. Holiness to the Lord, is their motto. But it was like carrying coals to Newcastle, to preach the gospel to *them*.

It was Bro. Boole's sermon, one hour and fifty minutes long, aimed at the two main pillars of their Creed, that roused Brigham Young and his following, in the Tabernacle; and it was John S. Inskip,—like the Town Clerk of Ephesus, who quelled the rising tumult that Boole's *wonderful* discourse provoked, threatening the very lives of the Evangelists.

* * * * *

Bro. Inskip's sermon closing, on the day of judgment, arraigned the Mormon Bishops, elders and apostles, face to face with the ghosts of their murdered victims, nightly walking the streets, haunting the canyons and in their mountains, confronting them at the judgment seat of Christ.—The effect was electrical. But in spite of all this, the preacher was greeted with applause.

Their Mission ended here, the company boarded their train Monday, June 20, for New York.

T. DeWitt Talmage, speaking of this Meeting, says: Mormonism never received such a shot as when the Methodists in the Big Tent, preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, in Salt Lake City. The monster sin was speared, and his wounds wrangled. The authority and influence of the leaders was shaken, never to be regained. And some who were in bondage to such religious despotism, were now set at liberty.

MORMON, the last of a line of Hebrew prophets, among a race of Israelites, descendants of Joseph, believed to have emigrated from Jerusalem to America 600 B. C., is said to have written the Book of Mormon.

But the author was Solomon Spalding (from 1761-1816), who had been a clergyman. Joseph Smith obtained this book, and claimed it as a Revelation from God to himself, and used it as text and authority for this new sect.—WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

In 1827, Smith professed to have a revelation, and be guided to where the Truth was to be discovered—near Palmyra, N. Y., written on plates of gold. In 1830, he published this book;—(it was the very one Spaulding had written, as a Romance, in Scripture style, and Smith now altered). He, with one Sydney Rigdon, agreed together to palm off this fraud on mankind! * * *

June 27, 1844, Smith was lynched at Nauvoo, Ill., by 200 men, while trying to escape out of the jail, pierced by 14 bullets.—REV. SELAH BROWN, GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.

The above is added as a sample of Evidences on which all Faiths not Christian, rest.—HAND BOOK of the BIBLE,

URBANA, Ohio, Tuesday, Aug. 1, '71—It was here, Bro. Inskip took harm from *coup de Soleil*,—sun-stroke. * * *

Dec. 31 in that year, he writes:—My precious wife. You will be amazed when I tell you that I am cured. * * * We took tea at Dr. Chas. Cullis. He asked me, why don't you ask God to heal you?

He then read Jas. 5:14, etc. We then knelt in Prayer, and glory to God! He fulfilled His word."

OBS.—Mr. Inskip did not wholly trust and take Jesus as the Savior of the body as well as of the Soul; and so, still clung to the doctors.—Dr. Levy at this very season, at Ocean Grove, came out against "divine healing." But after a severe illness, and raised up as from death through the Prayer of Faith, was converted, and told us the story of his miraculous cure, giving glory to God. And we all praised the Lord together.

At Landisville Camp Meeting, in '72, Joseph Barker renounced infidelity;—repented and believed the Gospel; and Francis Hodgson was sanctified, and became as zealous for heart purity as he had been, by word and pen, against it.

(Barker came and spoke of his new found joy in our Holy Meeting.)

During this year, Bro. Inskip and his band traveled 20,000 miles, held 600 meetings, reported 1,200 conversions and 3,000 sanctified.

Till January, '75, they conducted Evangelistic Meetings *galore*, in many of the different states, North, South, East and West.

Asbury Lowrey and Bro. Hughes had been chosen to represent the Christian Standard and books; but the business had been going behind, till it was on the verge of bankruptcy.

It was at this criscal time, that W. C. De Pau, President of the Association, came to the rescue. Bro. Inskip was chosen to be both Editor and Agent, —a herculean task. He continued in this relation, until discharged from such office and Ministry in '84, to rest from his labors, and his mighty works follow him.

When he entered upon this new relation, there were \$30,000 on the real and \$12,000 on the floating indebtedness. At his death, these encumbrances had been cleared off.

CHAPTER IV.

AROUND THE WORLD TOUR.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes, they pass unhurt,
And breathe the tainted air.

It was in response to invitations from over the sea, and the Letter from W. B. Osborne to Bro. Inskip,—which seems to have been as a Macedonian voice to the Leader and his associates, that moved them to contemplate such a heroic Mission.—In truth, we may think of Bro. Osborne as the man of Macedonia, voicing the purpose of Heaven, (using Osborne for Amanuensis)—in that inspired Epistle, —which, *en passant*, Comes in here:—

Bombay District, Mar. 1, '79.—

The purpose of this Letter is an Around the World Tour, with your Tabernacle. * * * Start for England next Spring. Spend some months in Britain, then to India by way of Europe, holding a Meeting at Rome. Then to, and from Alexandria, a run of two or three weeks to Jerusalem, and other places in Palestine.

Return to Alexandria, up the Canal, down the Red Sea to Bombay. After a ten days' campaign, then

by railroad to the northwest, where a Meeting would please the brethren. * * * On to Lucknow or Allahabad. Then to Calcutta, where we have from 10-1200 in Dr. Thoburn's church. Thence to Madras and on to Australia. Thence to our old battle-ground in the Golden State. Then, after a spring campaign, across the continent via Salt Lake City. Give the twin relics of barbarism another blow.

Pray over it, and see if God does not sanction this movement. I believe it would accomplish more for the salvation of the world than any other way.

May God direct and bless you.

After waiting upon the Lord, assured it was in His order, Bros. Inskip, McDonald, Wood and wives, took passage June 26, 1880, for Liverpool. After holding Meetings in England, rousing up the churches and people of the British Isle, these spirit filled and baptised men and women embarked October 19, on the Hispania via of Gibraltar, through the Pillars of Hercules, down the Mediterranean to Port Said; through the Red Sea 1200 miles to Aden, over the Indian Ocean 1664 miles to Bombay; arriving Tuesday, November 16.—Bro. Osborne coming forth to hail them.

The first Sabbath, they all preached and had some at the altar.—Thence, we trace them to Poonah

November 23. There, after days in the Big Tent, 80 were saved.—December 3, we find them back to Bombay. And here, to their mutual joy, they meet Amanda Smith. It was so hot, the place was like an oven. There were 150 in the tent, seeking the Lord at one time.

December 22, we in turn, follow the apostolic workers to Allahabad,—“City of God,” 900 miles North. They took second class fare. The two days and nights it was so chilly, they did not sleep; the night watches spent in “beating their feet to keep them warm.”

By January 2nd, '81, 80 souls were given them “for their hire.” Thence, to the Conference at Bareilly, and on to Lucknow,—so memorable for the siege of the Residency, in the Sepoy rebellion of 1856-7.

Here they divided. Inskip, Osborne and wives, for Australia; McDonald, Wood and theirs to return by way of Rome. January 21, '71, we read of Inskip at Calcutta.

They were in the Land of VEDA 88 days, itinerated 2622 miles, held 130 meetings, visited two Conferences.

February 12, the two companies boarded their steamer on the same day; one for Australia, the other, from Bombay for England via Port Said.

May 19, Bro. Inskip bids adieu to Australia. During the eight weeks there, they traveled 800 miles, preached 80 times, with harvest of 2500 souls. Bro. Osborne staid behind.

June 6, Mr. and Mrs. Inskip had covered the blue expanse 7100 miles between, and arrived at Honolulu. Tuesday 14th, they reached the Golden Gate. On Wednesday 29th, they were at Ocean Grove, where a blessed, joyful reception awaited them in the Tabernacle, Dr. E. H. Stokes, contributing a poetic welcome home:—

And are we yet alive,
And see each others face.

Bro. Inskip and wife addressed them, giving a touching account of their long and perilous circumnavigation of the globe, and their Evangelistic work.

The other party arrived at Rome March 29; thence, after one week, at London. Whence, after 2 weeks, May 11, at New York; and a few hours after, were in their New England home, after having traveled 30,000 miles by sea and land.

Like as Osborne's Faith, that such an evangelistic world around Mission would, even so I believe it *has* accomplished more for the Christs coming and Kingdom,—using his own words,—“Than in any other way.”—

Just as the genius and Faith of Columbus, in the discovery of a new world, opened the way and gave

a new impulse and fresh start to maritime enterprise among the nations; so the Faith and work of Osborne and Inskip proximately, waked and roused up others to go forth in obedience to the Master's call and charge to, Go into all the world and "make disciples of all the nations." Amen.

CHAPTER V.

FOUGHT THE GOOD FIGHT. FINISHED THE COURSE.

And in the twilight of Life's day,
Voices are calling, "Come away."

It was at the request of Rev. J. S. Lame, that Mr. and Mrs. Inskip made them a visit October 21, '83. Bro. Inskip preached. It was where he began his ministry half a century before. It was his last deliverance from the sacred desk.

Bro. Lame says that he was elastic and playful as a child. It was my son's twenty-first birthday, and he had received a gift. Bro. Inskip made the presentation speech, flashing with humor and flowing with pathos.—He was gifted in Prayer. At the family altar, the fire and fervor of Elijah fell upon him. Every one of us was named with melting tenderness. The glory of his coming translation must have mantled him. My soul was melted and mind almost bewildered, with the grandeur of his thought and language.

As reminiscent of the "Scenes of his Childhood," I would here mention Mr. and Mrs. Inskip's visit to M., the place of his spiritual birth. The Smith shop, and house his Father drove him out of, with a—"Begone, you ungrateful wretch, etc.;" the Prayer Meeting in the house and conversion of the whole family to God. O what memories were aroused up! The grove was not there now; the people had all passed away. Everything had changed. The scenes and visions of his boyhood passed afresh in review, as they were to him, more than fifty years before. It was living over again, one of the most thrilling and interesting periods of his earthly pilgrimage. And

How dear to this heart
Are the scenes of *my* childhood!

From Round the World in 1881, he would rally from time to time, and continue his work.

During the last three months of his life, he with Mrs. Inskip, were at Ocean Grove in their favorite Thorn Cottage. And notwithstanding his powers were failing fast, and disabled from his abundant labors, for which he had been so richly endowed both by nature and grace, he still kept his Christian armor bright in the Master's service. Like our Common Lord Jesus Christ, he gave himself no rest.

In his last illness, among his many personal friends to visit and pray with him, were A. E. Ballard, P. E.; Bros. Osborne, Hughes, Wallace.

The course finished, and fought the good fight, the closing scene of the battle-scarred warrior was peaceful, triumphant. At the Thorn Cottage, his earthly home by the sea, the Angel of Death arrived Friday, March 7, '84, to transport the spirit of J. S. Inskip across life's troubled sea, to Canaan's peaceful shore, to meet the thousands already there thro his ministry, with Bro. Cookman, and their companions; and to welcome thousands more, still on their way.

March 10, from the house of mourning, after the last parting tribute of loving respect, the funeral procession sadly took its way for Greenwood Cemetery, N. Y.; where "Dust to dust," was laid beside that of the sainted father, mother and son, to rest in certain hope of the Resurrection of the dead; Bros. Wood, Levy, Hughes, Dr. Buckley and S. W. Thomas, officiating.

Farewell, Bro. Inskip, honored servant of the Lord;— Dear Friend and Brother, Farewell.—Parting words of his biographer Friend, W. McDonald, over the *Shades* of Bro. Inskip.

Servant of God, well done,
Thy glorious warfares past;
The battles fought, the victory won,
And thou art Crowned at last.



G. M. BRODHEAD

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

THE FRIDAY MEETING.

THIS Meeting may be thought of as the radial point of the National H. C. M. Association.

It looks as if the Holiness Camp Meeting was suggested to Bros. Wood, Osborne and Inskip in '66,—Book II, chapter 2, by the Meeting at 1018 Arch street.—

And if this be true, as Bro. Cookman was its father, we may think of and honor his name as having been in *such* vital, initial relation to the Holiness Movement, also.

And how does such a view of the *genesis* and progress of this “Revival,” impress our mind in the Parables of Jesus, in the grain of mustard seed and leaven,—in application to the law of progress in His Coming, Kingdom on Earth and personal experience.

It was rosy June, 1865, when Alfred Cookman had just led a band of men and women, (who, in spirit, I behold washed in the blood of the lamb), who had been meeting in the home of Mrs. Clifton; then in his Spring Garden Church, up into the front (Preachers') Room, 1018 Arch street.

From December 27, '74, we have been meeting in Wesley Hall, dedicated Friday before.

In the retrospect, the time in this (rear) room, seems to me but as a dream when one awaketh; in perspective, so shortened through the vista of those passing years.

In the days of Cookman and Inskip, (from '67 particularly), our Meeting was at its best. Scenes of Pentecostal power and tidal waves of salvation from above, witnessed to and honoring this ministry, in the doctrine and experience of entire sanctification, were frequent.

Its Founder was in charge till called to Grace Church, Wilmington.—His helpers were J. and Wm. Stocton, R. V. Lawrence,—The earnest Minister; J. A. Wood, A. Longacre, M. A. Day, S. Pancoast, J. H. Alday.

It was at Manheim in '68, that the fountains of the great deep were broken up. I do not forget the day of fasting and prayer for this; and add, that no extraordinary work of God is to be looked for, without use of extraordinary means. Amen.

Lizzie R. Smith has thrilled our hearts with the Story of her Pentecost, she experienced at Manheim.

With Manheim, our Meeting received new life blood and impulse, and both it and the Association, were in their glory till the death of Bro. Inskip.

The loss of such a man, was as when a standard bearer fainteth. And notwithstanding the zeal of some cooled down, like as in the Reformation, and Revival under Luther and the Wesleys, after *them*, lived on; so the gospel fire they kindled, unquenchable in its immortality, burned on.

So Cookman, Inskip and associates started holy, divine fire in multitudes of souls, not only in America, but in Europe, Asia and Africa.

Bro. Inskip was both physically and mentally, strong. His will, commensurate with his Faith in God, enabled him to become a Leader and Commander of the People. On the camp ground, his voice would ring out like a trumpet.

Alfred Cookman had finished his course in '71,—and was now at rest from his labors.

I remember his last calls at Adam Wallace's Umbrella tent at Ocean Grove, as a champion fresh from the field of battle, in all the armor of his God —just after Urbana and Marthas Vineyard, his last Camp Meetings.

In the conduct of our Meeting, Bro. Cookman would give us a brief Lesson, to direct and inspire our mind thought,—so helpful. Then the witnessing, voluntary, and as the “Spirit moved.”

And this I trow, is the divine order. For how else can the Holy Spirit have the right of way in man?—And no one not in, or seeking the grace of

perfect love, is a fit person to preach to the inner circles of the Christ's holy church. For

Without this holy fire, this sacred chrism,
The preaching is but fine wrought mechanism.

There has been much love, unity and fellowship of the Spirit in our Meeting, from the first.

Our reunions in September, and Conventions later, bringing together the consecrated talent of the Association, both ministers and lay;—Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, "Quaker," have been times of refreshing from the Lord.

Many thousands of sinners converted, ministers and church members "cleansed from all sin," and hundreds raised up and started forth in soul saving ministries, thro this new "Holiness Movement." Glory Hallelujah!

In the bright succession, with the leading spirits who have gone on before, but left their impress upon mind and heart of their hearers, dead and living (after those already named), were: Revs. G. Hughes and Lowry, Atwood, Osborne, Cather, Brindle, Stubbs, Meredith, Coffman. Friends Updegraff, Dougan Clark, Flitcraft. Deacon Morse.

Of the holy women *In Memoriam*, pass before us in procession:—Mrs. Clifton, Anna Reed, Sisters Purnell and Editha Lewis, Miss Potter, (hiding her name under her *nom de plume* Juniata), Misses

Clark and Nettie Vanname, Mrs. Boyle, S. L. Keen, H. W. Smith, Miss Lizzie Sharp, Sarah Boyd, Annie Clement,—of Bethesda Orphans' Home.

Fond loving memory associates Sisters Purnell and Lewis as our sweetest singers in the sixties; while the Mrs. Hoffman, Fitch Cranmer, Evangelists, as angel visitors—(tho not so few and far between), so gifted in song, come in to sing for Jesus. And such singers! Hall Mack & Co., also.

J. H., Lizzie R., and Amanda and Jennie Smith, a blessed family and name; McBride, Dolbo, Hyde, Wm. Grum and Mother, Trumbauer, Kenney, Bausman, Hoose, Goff, Ridout, Hammel, Cavanaugh, Hartzell, Maybury, S. A. Zuber, have been coming from time to time, bringing Jesus in with them.

Of those chosen to preach to us, I feel like honoring the Rev. C. A. Tindley here,—called the black Spurgeon of Philada.

After the death of Bro. Inskip, our Meeting was in charge of W. L. Gray, Pepper, Thompson and Levy successively; till, through increasing infirmities, the editors of the Christian Standard, Pepper and Thompson, retired.

Bro. Thompson finished his course at Mountain Lake Park,—his favorite Meeting (which he founded), Aug. 3, '99, when his vision—obscured by cataracts, opened upon a world of light and glory.

Oct. 5, 1900,—after our Meeting, was organized the Philada. Holiness Association, Drs. Levy and Pepper Presidents, Sister Kenney Sec'y, Amelia Stewart, treasurer.

Our reunion “Love Feast Home Coming,” on our return from 13th St. Church Sept. 23, '04, was a day of joy and gladness. Wesley Hall meantime, had been renovated for our reception.

At the close, Dr. Levy laid holy hands on G. M. Brodhead, to be his successor; afterward confirmed by our Resident Bishop McCabe.

Bro. Pepper had gone to Gainesville, Fla., in December; and at 76, March 9, '08, was not, for God took him.—We were born the same year, were much alike, drawing us closer together.

As Pastor, Editor, Teacher, Evangelist, O Bro. Pepper, thro all;—the toil, trials, dangers, in delicate health, but in the strength which God supplies, you have won a name like the “brother whose praise is in all the Churches.”

Our new appointee came on, Friday Jan. 6 1905, and the place was again filled.

Dr. B., like our Founder, brings with him versatility of talent, is well rounded out and full of the Spirit. We fell in love with him for his works sake, and are called upon to reconsecrate ourselves to the Captain of our Salvation.

With this new departure, came also a change in the conduct of our Meeting ;—the time given mostly to Preaching. As to the wisdom of this, there are two views :—Some with the leader, thinking to increase the interest and attendance thereby. And also, Christian Perfection more popular (in the right sense), in the Churches.—Others, that even in the holiness preaching, there is not that which more inspires the artesian depths of man's spiritual nature, than the clean cut deliverances of its live witnesses ;—along with the blessed fellowship and intercommunion felt in such interchanges.—Nevertheless, the doctrine and experience,—promoting of Holiness, as Bro. B. believes to be the end of such a Meeting, has been well and ably advocated.

Our new Presidents, Revs. S. B. Goff and John J. Hunt, with Secretary O. R. Heinze and Treasurer F. N. Hoose, are herewith assured of our Prayers and Sympathies.

NOTES FROM MY JOURNAL.—SUPPLEMENTARY.

CHAPTER II.

7, 4, 1874.—THE Methodist Home Journal has been purchased by the National Holiness Camp Meeting Association, and changed to the Christian Standard—at 921 Arch Street.

11, 2.—PHOEBE PALMER died this day, Monday, of Brights disease. Her “Crowning Testimony” is grand.

Mrs. Palmer was the most consecrated, inspired, richly and variedly endowed woman, evangelist, teacher and writer, I have known. Her Faith in God and sway over mind, were noticeable.

Her Four years in the Old World, with Dr. Palmer, gave them 20,000 converted and sanctified. She bore the banner of Holiness at the fore, under fire from some, with a steady hand; and was one of them who set in motion the Holiness Movement of 1867.

The Guide to Holiness was at its best while she lived. Her Way of Holiness, Faith and its Effects, etc., were as Tongues of fire,—inspiring, Gospel Evangelists.



THE AUTHOR'S LIKENESS



12, 3, '75.—921 Arch Street has been purchased by the Association to publish the Christian Standard, and for the book business.

20, Mon.—Wesley Hall is dedicated this blessed day.

1, 4, '76.—Obliged,—wife and I, to go from our Meeting today, on account of the Press.

10, 21, '76—The subject of greatest interest in our city home this Centennial year, hovers around the coming of the Revivalists, D. L. Moody and Ira D. Sankey, opening their commission in the Old Shell depot, 13th & Market st., this day.

“Their sound” has gone forth round about. The people have heard the Report, and are coming to the Meeting, even from distant cities, towns, hamlets, to see and hear what God is doing in our midst.—12000 inside & as many outside, in the 8 A. M. & P. M. Meetings, is the report in the daily papers.

The city is moved by the Praying, preaching, Singing in the depot. The Pentecostal flame is being kindled anew in our hearts. Hundreds are being converted, reclaimed, sanctified. O how the people's hearts have been tuned to singing the Moody & Sankey Hymns! And we are reminded of the Re-

vival started by J. C. Lanphier in the Fulton St. Prayer Meeting, in 1857.

7, 18, '80.—Miss Maggie A. Potter left us for her Heavenly home Sunday, 11th inst.

Sister Potter is the subject of one of the finest *In Memoriams* by her Pastor, Enoch Stubbs, I have ever seen. It is in Our Golden Scrap-Book, along with that of Mrs. Editha W. Lewis and Mary B. Cookman.

While that of Sister Lewis and the Mother of "Alfred" are *beautiful, Juniata*, on account of our nearer acquaintance, beginning in '67, has an element of loveliness not in the others. We met in the office of the Home Journal and Friday Meeting. She was our best Reporter, and followed the Pillar of Cloud North, South, East and West,—along with Bro. Inskip and his holy band. Sister Potter was of medium height, modest, humble, if not also retiring in her ways; classic form and features. The face beautiful from reflection of inward adornings.

The flash of her eye was peculiar, lighting up her countenance. Like Mary at the Masters feet, she also had learned of Him.

Farewell Dear Friend and Sister Potter, we shall meet again.

123, '81.—MARY BARTON COOKMAN went over life's troubled Sea to rejoin her husband, Saturday morning at dawn, this date.

It was on a visit to Hull, that Miss Barton met Rev. Mr. Cookman. An ardent, romantic fire of love was kindled, which burned on unquenchable in the hearts candelabrum, thro life and time.—They were married April 2, 1827, and embarked for America next day.

Mrs. Cookman would tell the sweet story of her love in later years, to the young people about her.—She was convicted of the necessity of the new birth, under the preaching of Leigh Richmond. She was more than a year passing thro the shadow of her husbands death, till in 1843, in Eutaw Street Church, Baltimore, while at the Lords table, (like Susannah Wesley), she also, received the witness of the Spirit ;—in *her* case, to her sanctification.

She was as one who waited for her loves return, and to the end of life would say;—(O how solemnly pathetic!) “George went away yesterday; he tarries today; tomorrow, he will return.”—Her last days were at the home of her Son, John E. It was at the tea table, she threw up her hands and would have fallen backwards, but for loving hands that bore her up.

It is a noticeable coincidence in the Cookman Family, that both the father and, son finished their course so early:—George in 1841 and Alfred in 1871, and so near the same stage. And that their two wives,—Mary B. and Annie B.,—("Annie" now dying at 89), both outlived them so long; as far *beyond* their husbands funeral, as *they* lived from their nativity.

6, 3, '83.—\$6.50 more, were added in the Meeting today, to help and cheer Dear Mrs. Inskip in her Calcutta Girls School.

6, 15, '84.—Our Leader Gray asked Bro. Cather to open with Prayer, Friend Flitcraft and Bp. Taylor to close. Our African Bishop told us he had been two hours with Bishop Simpson, sick since General Conference. He also told us how God had heard his prayer in raising him up from dying, at Pittsburg, 26 years ago.*

10, 7.—Mary D. James, *nee* Yard, died last week at the home of Mrs. W. L. Palmer, in her chair. This dear Saint was a true and a tried follower of Jesus, through all her life Mission work, of undaunted courage for the right. When opposed by her husband, who was of another mind, her resort

* It was in a Conference at Mt. Vernon, Bp. Jaynes presiding, where the California St. preacher was called upon to lead in the Prayer. The story from the pen of Bp. Bowman, is thrilling,—even like that of the raising of Jairus daughter.

was to God upon her knees before him,—to conquer. She was intimate with the Palmers, and much in their companionship.

Her “Fifty Years Walk with Jesus,” in the Guide, came as heart talks to its readers.—Mrs. James was also related to the late D. James, M. D., of our Green Street Church.

II, 19, '94.—Spoke first time in Meeting today, since that wonderful experience in our Hospital,—“My Hospital Days,”—Friday Sept. 28—Saturday, Oct. 13, 1894.

This, as recorded in my Diary, was, I think, the most triumphant experience of my life, to both body and soul. Never received such a baptism of the Holy Spirit and uplift, before. And it was through the baptism of suffering, such life to me, was to come.

I took Jesus in with me. Sought the “inner chamber” for Prayer. Preached the Christ to doctor, nurse, patient; and expect to have my infidel servant, Francis Chevalier, a star in my crown.

The mystery of suffering,—the course of grief and sorrow in and through our heart and life, may be likened to the fervid lava tide from the throat of the volcano; consuming, melting, refining everything in its course;—the materials in its path, purified by fire, never again to return to corruption. And the more fervent this fiery baptism, the purer and more enduring the resultant is to be.

So it is, the love of God is as a consuming, refining fire to soul and body—

Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain? * * *

6, 11, '96.—At our "Home" anniversary today, in allusion to my words on having kept a Journal from the day I set out for God and Heaven at W., New Jersey, Dec., '51, John Thompson said he regretted that he also, had not kept such a life Record.

3, 4, '97.—Doctor Levy leads now, since Bro. Thompson has gone into the Hospital for the "Cataracts."

His theme was "A Vision of Heaven," symbolized by a royal Banquet. How the Spirit helped us all!

June, '97.—Adjourned to The Harvesters Mission, and God has given me great joy over the return of John Carson today. O glory to Jesus! One more Star for the crowning day.—Bro. Carson had been one of Dr. Peppers standard bearers in Central Church. He told me I was the only one who helped him to rise again.

9, 30, '98.—Went in heaviness to Wesley Hall, but enabled to speak, perhaps, as never before. A man then bowed at the altar, and two women came. One was converted.

2, 2, 1900.—Was so helped to speak today, that all were moved and bore witness that it was the Spirit

speaking in me. All were melted down and brought nearer to one another, in the Lord. O bless the Lord, my soul!

4, 6.—The Master of Assemblies was present in person, to inspire Doctor Levy, (he does best when alone). Bro. Dolbo, two reformed debauchees, Clara Boyd, myself and others, as scarce ever seen in our Meeting. O the liberty, life and love that God gave us!

5, 27, 1900.—ANALYSING a passing trial of Faith:—

1. There has been an absence of joy and sense of Gods presence; an unutterable longing after Him to hear again the voice of the Bridegroom of my disconsolate soul.

2. Am led to self examination, through the doubts and fears which assail and harass my wounded spirit and weak body; which as usual, in connection with other things “common to man,” is the occasion of my spiritual conflicts, depression, etc.—But I am not ignorant of Satans devices.

3. Ive felt let down towards zero, of little account with God or man; a poor, weak example of the Christ life.—(I had of late, started afresh to illustrate the life of my Dear Lord, in spirit, word and deed); as if slighted, given the cold shoulder by some.

4. Fears of losing the light and joy of the Lord, but determined to wait upon my God in His appointed ways, for His return in renewed clearness of the Spirits witness. I have once more been with Jesus in Gethsemane,—to Calvary, and been reading “A DARK DAY IN THE HAPPY ISLANDS.”—“Thou didst hide Thy face, and I was troubled.” Why art thou cast down, O my soul! * * * Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him. Ps. 42:5.

2, 22, '02.—Our Pentecostal Reunion at 13th Street Church.—And what a day! Rain for twenty-four hours, freezing and encrusting the snow. “An awful day.” Not such phenomenal weather in my lifes day, —70 years. Trees being denuded of their branches, —encrusted, and snapping off in city and country. Some bowed down, uprooted and even split—The ground bestrewed with the debris of falling limbs. Business interrupted or suspended, telegraph wires falling.

5, 9.—As an illustration of “Many men of many minds,” we have had, along in our Meeting, some diversity;—(which, for the reader also, may prove to be a *Junket*, or a “spice of life.”)

There was a Father Manks, who seemed to feel it his duty to speak first and sing; one of Bro. Peppers “perpetual pop ups.” I think he was called a crank.

Then, from time to time, a little German, who exhorts, preaches, rambles. His odd, original words, making some laugh. Is wholly consecrated to God. Feels he must preach (in his way). Has had a Wagon, opened a Mission. Stones, rotten eggs etc., have not

discouraged the love of Jesus in my Dear Friend, Bro. Wr. God bless you.

Next, an old friend, so curt, proverbial in his words and ways. Is the loudest in our company (unless it be Rev. Ts., a Free Methodist, whose Glory to God ! Hallelujah ! ! the deaf do not need a trumpet to hear). To sum up, in his own words, "There is but one J. Ws. in the world."

A. J. Dolbo, everybody knows. He is of all others, the most explosive, volcanic. A living miracle. Yes, his Autobiography reveals him as a miracle of grace.

Now and then, a little Bro. C., who thinks God has commissioned him to preach to us, and everybody else. Speaks in a nasal tone. Is combative, seems to be *fighting* his way to Heaven. Has had several "rounds" with the leaders.

On such constitutional, congenital idiosyncrasies, they may only last till this mortal puts on immortality.

9, 12.—It was with a sorrowful heart, that we read of the death of dear Bro. Osborne, caught and borne on the cow catcher "six miles," dying on the 4th inst.

We had renewed acquaintance at National Park Camp Meeting, where Dr. Joseph Wardle said to him, I believe you will get to Heaven. I responded, With many stars in your Crown; little thinking that in less than two weeks,—Sept. 4 at 10.30 A. M., Bro. Osborne would have been carried to the skies, there to reunite with Bro. Inskip,—

And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered* in the fight

* * * * *

With shoutings each other to greet,
Triumphant o'er sorrow and death.

Rough and original as a quarry stone, Osborne
was a great man, if not also a genius.

He was not only the founder of Ocean Grove
Camp Meeting and the moving spirit with Bro.
Wood, in the Holiness C. M. (He with Bro. Inskip
in '66, had pledged themselves to have at least two
tents on the ground,—Bk. II, C. II); But started
the Round the World tour also, in 1880.

3, 6.—Found my way in weakness, to our Meeting.
H. C. McBride led us all out and up in the Spirit,
on John 16: 24. He set out with telling us all, that
there are \$200,000,000 in European banks unclaimed.
The depositors, books, etc., dead or wanting. The
application to the goodness of God and mans needs,
—O how instructive, suggestive the Lesson!

10, 3.—The presence of Amanda Smith in our
Meeting today, was as an angel visit; and her black
face only seemed to light up the room, as her words
and singing rekindled the gospel fire in our hearts.
God bless Sister Smith and her late Orphans Home
in Harvey, Ills.

In allusion to those women in Exodus, who feared
God down in Egypt, He has provided for this woman

also, a beautiful home residence at Sebring, Fla.—“The Land of Flowers,” to bless and crown her last days with goodness.

Called of Jesus,—a poor wash-woman, to “Follow Me,” and given herself to the Masters service both in her native land and Africa, Sister Smith has been honored and sustained, to behold the wonderful goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.”

11, 6.—Was enabled to walk to St. Georges—the funeral of William L. Gray, 80. Fifty-two years in the gospel ministry. It was a very Solemn memorial service.—Bro. Gray was concise, conscientious, precise; but some called it sternness. Our Meeting was, certainly, about at its pitch of interest, while he was over it; and when no longer able, he laid his mantle, —in the presence of us all, on Dr. Levy.

Dr. Wardles winter visits,—his coming among us, praying and speaking so in the Spirit, we thank God and bless him for. He comes from the G. B. Institute—my *Alma Mater*, Evanston, Ills.

9, 15, '05.—Dr. Brodheads Lesson today,—Josh 1:9, Moses charge to Joshua, in allusion to himself coming to us in the room of Bros. Pepper and Thompson, was both as able and happily applied, as it was timely.

3, 23, '06.—Our blessed resident Bishop McCabe, filled and thrilled the place and people, in our Meeting today.

11, 3.—We this Saturday, as sorrowful yet rejoicing, have been called to the funeral services over the mortal remains of our late esteemed and beloved Leader, Edgar M. Levy.—From his 21st, for 63 years, a workman in the Lords Vineyard who needed not to be ashamed.

He entered into the way of Holiness, then our Meeting, and published his experience in a Tract, "From Bondage to Freedom," soon after.

He was, like Alfred Cookman, one of the most Christlike characters and Ministers, among us; and we all feel the loss of such a man, and sympathize with the stricken wife, left to await *her* turn to respond to the Masters call—to meet each other again in Heaven.

In hope it may meet her eye, I herewith add a verse of one of her departed's closing life-day hymns,—so pathetic:—

The friends gone on before me,
Are calling from on high;* * *
Why wait they say, and wither,
Mid scenes of death and sin?
O rise to glory hither,
And find true life begin.

12, 19.—Our favorite Bishop McCabe has been taken away from us, to rejoin and reign with his brother Bishops,—who have passed on before.

Permit me to add, that from our first acquaintance, that crisp New Years morning in '71; when,

arm in arm, we walked, (wife with him), to old Trinity Church; where, from Est. 4: 14—Who knoweth but thou art come to the kingdom, etc., he struck fire in our hearts.

He was as a brother and friend. His heart and purse, open to help everybody. Our last Meeting,—at the Hotel Normandie, I will not forget; I was asked to dine with them, and also, to let him know if ever in want of money.

5, 31, '07.—Miss Clara Boyd shone in the Lesson today, on Let this mind be in you. It was one of the most jubilant Meetings in all the 42 years of its life. Bros. Hoople, Bamford, Oakes, Brodhead, present.

4, 28, '11.—Willie Huff, sent us by Bro. Ridout, so raised the Meeting today on, Let this mind be in you;—reminding me of Seth Reece, years before, (tho in treatment and effect on us, so different), when we were so broken up and melted down, reminding one of an army that had been killed and wounded in battle. Don't such preaching suggest how the words of the Son of Man must have moved the listening thousands, in His day?

2, 24.—Amos Johnson on, Now we see in a glass darkly, was Apostolic. He told us his chief desire

was to be so pure, that he might see God face to face.

4, 6.—I said to our Leader, I came here today, feeling cold in body, but have been warmed up, soul and body. Glory to Jesus for His Pentecostal fire!—And it is *Love* that provides its own fuel, kindles its own fire; and is, like the sun, self feeding.

3, 9, 12.—Wesley Hall renewed at last, the \$900, through the Preachers wives mostly, well applied.—Rich, green carpet, electric lights, O what a blessing to the eye and joy to the heart! It makes us feel to stand on higher, holier ground and in a clearer light. We Methodists, ought not to have been below Presbyters and Baptists, in the *esthetics*, (at least), of our worship.—It would have been joy to Dr. Levy, to have seen *this, a long desired wish, gratified.*

1, 10, '13.—Our new resident Bishop, Jos. F. Berry, was greeted with the fullest house and largest representation from city and country, perhaps, since the days of Cookman and Inskip.

IN MEMORIAM.

4, 7, '89.—THE death of Mrs. EDITHA LEWIS, Columbus, O., April, this date, and glowing tribute from her Pastor L. D. McCabe, in the Christian Advocate, are deserving of a fuller notice than our space will permit.

Mrs. Lewis was born 1825, at Annapolis, Md. She was kin to John Randolph of Roanoke.

From our first acquaintance, and then hearing her in our meeting in '65-6, till she went to Columbus, I was impressed both with the woman and her gifts. Her singing was an inspiration in our Upper Room. She was both majestic and pleasing in person, if not also, a genius.

At Columbus, she gave her time and talents to Jesus in prison and Mission Work.—She taught that absolute obedience to God and His Word, in every relation in life, is the standard and condition for holy living and service for gospel ministries. Amen. And this, in turn, cost Sister Lewis much sacrifice and suffering.

Like as Florence Nightingale won the title of The Angel of the Crimea, so this woman, that of The Angel of the Prison, at Columbus.

She was singularly furnished as a Teacher, savior and helper of others. She read the Bible through nine times on her knees, with pencil and ink beside it.

GLIMPSES WITHIN THE VAIL

Sept. 6, 1896.—LORDS DAY—THE experience of Thursday morning last, when for two hours I lay as under the premonitory feeling that the mortal conflict of life's warfare, were ending—(I had passed through all the exercises, thoughts and feelings of the dying Christian), suggests the above.

Heart and eyes since Wednesday, have been breaking and overflowing with the thoughts and impulses of going home to Heaven. So little, save what pertains to the Hand-Book and other unfinished interests, to live for, or this world worthy of.

Meanwhile, interlusively, the day impressed me as an eventful one;—news of the death of a brother-in-law, of the funeral, etc., came into my room,—Mrs. A. off for the funeral. I ate a little at 12 M., in bed. At 2 P. M., was at Dear Dr. W.'s—It is wonderful how, in sickness even, I'm helped of Jesus to arise and attend to necessary duties.

I've been on the borders of Heaven, in Beulah land, on the banks of the River. My heart betimes, is unutterably filled; praying, singing, weeping;

while anon, a sense of unspeakable sadness and sorrow, sweeps over my soul. I walk on holier ground. Nearer my God to Thee. Every word and act, has a higher, holier meaning. I live for Jesus as never before.

Alone with God since Friday, how sweet and quiet! While standing in the back yard, heavenly forms and faces from above, seemed to beckon with outstretched hands, saying:

John, come home,—John, come home!

THURSDAY, April 12, 1900.—THE scenes in the Life of Jesus, From the Annunciation to His Ascension, in our Church this night, have made an impression on my spiritual nature, never to be effaced; heightened the more, as exhibited in Passion Week, some parts having happened this very day. My heart and eyes overflowed with wonder, love and praise.—O it was ravishing!—

The angel, coming in to Mary, her attitude, and effect upon her mind at Gabriels words; the holy quiet, beauty, order, love, illustrated in the carpenter shop;—Joseph at the work bench; Mary with the child Jesus, coming in; Joseph turning round, taking up the lad in arms and tenderly kissing him. —O this part affected me, of that for which mans

nature above all, beside, craves in such a world as this,—Love at home.

THE TEMPTATION,—the devil appearing to the Christ in a bodily shape, laying his hands upon the Son of God, to take and show him the kingdoms of this world; only in turn to be met face to face, overcome, and then with head fallen, slink away and disappear from view, in the background.

The “Last Supper,” Gethsemane, the arrest, trial, crucifixion, burial, Resurrection, Ascension.—O what glimpse visions of Jehovah, His power, wisdom, love, were unfolded to my Faith this night!

Throughout the “Scenes,” from first to last, my eye was fixed on Jesus, as in the foreground; and it was the vision and revelation of Himself, that inspired the following verses:—

I HAVE SEEN THE LORD.

I've seen the Lord, O wondrous grace!
That heavenly form and blessed face;
How ravished was my soul that night!
For days I walked in Heaven's own light.

Through veils of sense I've seen His face,
And Time can ne'er that sight efface;
And since I've seen that form divine,
I've longed for Him to brighter shine.

By Faiths clear eye, to me was given
To see the Christ, the Lord from Heaven;
The minds ideal before me stood,
The divine Man,—the Son of God.

A holy hush came down on me,
And more like Him, I felt to be;
There dawned that night, a brighter day
On me: The Life, the Truth, the Way.

I praised the Lord for such a view,
Apocalypse and vision true;
With Paul, I now in deed as word
Can say, that I have seen the Lord.

O the peace, the joy, the power,
Came to my life that Sacred hour!
Jesus can make the joy bells ring,
The wilderness to bloom and sing.

II.

What strength of Faith and fire of love
From God, He brought us from above!
We for His sake count all things loss,
And joyfully sustain the Cross.

Christ is the true *Prometheon* fire
From Heaven, all mankind to inspire,—
Burn every soul with Jesus love,
In Earth below and Heaven above.

I'll follow Jesus where He leads,
He will provide for all my needs.
He is my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End.

GOD IN SECOND AS WELL AS FIRST CAUSES

8, I, '04.—From the pen of H. W. Smith in the February Consecrated Life, comes to me, like a new star, if not also a sweet surprise, being a fresh view of the Scripture teaching that God is not only in first, but also second causes, in the Christian life.

She heard a lady stranger in a Meeting relate a vision she had, which confirmed her Faith in this doctrine,—after perplexing trials through the second causes, (She had asked of God to show her on this). Then, after a state of darkness, she saw a body of light approach and envelope her. Then a voice, "This is the Presence of God." Next, she saw the evils and trials of life in perspective, but was made to feel easy on finding that not a Lion could devour, or bullet fly thro the air to hit her, while abiding in this Presence, however thin it might be, unless it parted to let it pass through.

Then she was shown all the lesser evils and trials, daily annoyances, griefs, etc., that they could have no power to move or hurt, while abiding in this Presence or light of God.

How this both suggests and impresses our mind with the Immanence of Jehovah! That God is back of, in and through all, second as well as first causes.

ON RENEWING A FIRE

Even our "daily round," may thus,—with Prayer and thanksgiving, be made a means of grace.—

Now I'd feel Thy Sacred fire,
Kindling, flaming, glowing;
Rising higher and still higher,
All my soul o'erflowing.
Life immortal I receive,
O the wondrous story!
I was dead but now I live,
Glory, glory, glory!

ON WINDING A CLOCK

O Thou great Architect of the Heavens and Earth, Who from the beginning hast ordained the sun, moon and stars, to run on in beauteous order, chiming out through the ages, the seasons and years,—the chronometers of our day and night.

Even as I wind up this time piece for our guidance and help, so O my God, the Holy Ghost, with Thy hand upon me, my soul and bodys powers, inspire, tone up the mainspring of my will; *my* Faith, hope and Love, to run on in harmony with Thy purpose in and through me, even as it is in the sidereal heavens, which declare Thy glory and show forth Thy handy work. Amen.

This Prayer I make in Jesus name.

CONCLUSION.

FROM July 4, 1874, the Christian Standard has been the Organ of the Holiness Movement, and the leading? *Evangel* of its class, in America.

The “Plant” was transferred to Gainesville, Fla., about the time Dr. Pepper removed to that place.

It was in much favor while under the *aegis* of its joint Editors, Dr. Pepper and John Thompson.

It now goes under the name of the Christian Standard and Guide to Holiness, with its *base* at Upland, Ia., where the Taylor University is, and where it was changed from Gainesville, July 12, 1812.—All hail!—

And now, along with our thanks to the Standard Company and “Bro. Will,” for serving us weekly with its numbers, under difficulties, and serving their “List” below cost—\$1 a year.—The sacrifice from \$1.50, to increase its usefulness,—a *work of Faith and labor of love*.

It is right and meet for us to join with the Standard Family and lovers of its teaching, in thanksgiving to God, for having opened its way to Upland,—(a *debauchure* its Editor, Dear Bro. Dunham, had been longing for), to a more central point, for enlarged facilities and usefulness, both in the Church and to the University itself.

The New Departure has proved to be in Gods order, and prophetic of Heavens approval and blessing for its future,—as under the Personnel of its new, consecrated Editors and Manager.

Voicing the call of our beloved Editors, burdened with responsibilities, it is the duty of every subscriber and its friends, to help them keep it a going; lest God should take our blessing from us and give it to others.

The writer wishes to congratulate,—(sharing in the joy felt over the change), its Editorial Staff, our Editor in Chief at Delaware, O., with Professor Wray, and Vayhinger, its Manager, President of Taylor University;—(himself looking to be the incarnation of nobility itself),—assuring of our Prayers for them,—all on the Paper, books, and for the Teachers and Students.

THE END

